

EXTRACTS.

LIBRARY OF THE M. ZOLA.

M. Zola regards the novel as the chief literary expression of the age, and as a means of the sole literary expression of the age. The future, he says, will be a more complete form of literature. It is poetry, it is science. It is no longer a mere amusement, a recreation; it is everything that you can want—a poem, a treatise on pathology, a treatise on anatomy, a political weapon, an ethical study—I must stop, for I could fill the page with the words where he writes. "All the genius of the age seems to be concentrated in the novel, which of a surety will remain the characteristic literature of the nineteenth century." So much for the present; with regard to the future M. Zola has even higher hopes. "I do not want to suppress poetry," he exclaims, "but at the same time I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that it is in favour of the naturalistic novel that the evolution of the age is evidently working," and here and there mysterious hints are thrown out of a day when poetry in its present form will no longer exist, of a great change in those matters which is already beginning to be realised. In Walt Whitman's case, perhaps, the representative of this change, a distinction link between the poetry of the past and the poetry of the future, but M. Zola descends to no such concrete illustration. Indeed, he is rather chary of expressing his opinion at all definitely on this point, and indeed leaving a vague impression on the mind to the effect that poetry will one day be swallowed up in a more systematic manner by the scientific novel, he gives us no clue to the future. But, whatever the future of poetry may be, no doubt is left as to the present of the novel. This new dignity with which the novel has been invested is nothing less than the dignity of science.—Time.

INSURANCES.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The Underwritten, having been appointed Agents in conjunction with Messrs. TURNER & CO. for the above Company, are prepared to ACCEPT RISKS against FIRE at Current Rates.

W. HEWITT & Co.,
Hongkong, 8th June, 1888. [1068]

QUEEN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The Underwritten, Agents for the above Company, are prepared to ACCEPT RISKS against FIRE at Current Rates.

HONGKONG, 16th July, 1887. [19]

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF 1877 IN HAMBURG.

The Underwritten, Agents of the above Company, are prepared to ACCEPT RISKS at Current Rates.

HONGKONG, 18th January, 1884. [167]

THE CHINA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Established 1870.
The Underwritten, Agents for the above Company, are prepared to ACCEPT RISKS against FIRE at Current Rates.

HONGKONG, 18th January, 1884. [167]

THREE REMARKABLE YARNS.

A PARTY OF NEW YORKERS INDULGE IN A LITTLE LYING TO KILL TIME.

A physician in New York, who is also something of a politician, has a comfortable place at Park river, Barreget Bay, which is open the year round to his friends for sport or recreation. The late blizzard caught some of them down there unprovided with means of indoor amusement. They were impressed of nearly a week, during which time they all alike of the lodge. One day the crowd was yawning in the afternoon. All things had become exhausted.

"I can tell you a story about my dog that's new, anyway," gasped Charles Parker.

"I can beat it for a prize," said Ebenezer De Witt.

"You fellows don't know how to lie," put in A. J. Prince. "It takes a lawyer. I put in my myself, but if there's a prize in it, go ahead."

"Well, this dog, gentlemen," began Parker, "lately, 'beat any rabbit dog that ever lived. He was faster than the wind. Once, on a hot trail, he was up against a coyote, which had been left upright in a field. He was waiting at a terrible pace, and I knew what would happen; so I stepped down by the side in preparation. Sure enough, the blade parted him down the middle, dividing even his tail in equal parts. As the two parts tumbled over I clapped them quickly together, and bound them up in a hunting coat. He rose up as if by magic, the blood had time to spill, and out of course the halves grew together. But somehow one half had dropped over just before I joined them, and when Jack got well he had two legs on the ground and two sticking up in the air. He was a curious dog after that. When he barked half a bark would come out, and the other half came from the part that opened down. This defect annoyed him, and he practiced to remedy it. He got so after a while that, after choo-chooing for a minute, like a locomotive getting under way, he could run his half barks together into a continuous note like a fog horn. I made money out of him by hiring him as a steam whistle. The most curious thing, though, was to see him eat. I cut his food into tiny pieces. 'He would take one morsel with the half of his mouth that opened downward, and then turn a sort of handspike sideways to his other leg, and eat another morsel with his other half mouth. When he looked like a 200-revolution fly wheel in motion, he never wagged his tail. The reason was that the muscular effort at wagging, being equally balanced on each side, counteracted each other. He was a better rabbit dog than ever, for when he ran him self off one pair of legs he'd simply turn a sidwinding and go it on the other pair. You couldn't tire him. It was a great blow to me when he died."

Mr. Parker stroked his chin contemplatively, and Ebenezer de Witt said slowly:

"Your dog was truly wonderful; but he can't compare with my rabbit dog. I bought them new in Jersey, and first used them to cart a load of wood up a hillside bill to my house. It was raining diagonally as I loaded the wood on the wagon, and the rabbit dog traced got thoroughly soaked. When all was ready I mounted one of the horses and drove to the house. When I got there I found that the wagon hadn't budged. The wet traces had stretched the whole frame. He was a bad dog, and I put it down to him. When the sun got so hot I went indoors, leaving the horses standing.

"When I came out a minute later the horses were straining to keep from being pulled down hill. Looking down, I saw my load of wood rambling up the hill at a jolly rate. I was puzzled at first, and wondered what was pulling them, but soon saw that the sun dried the traces they were contracting as the horses held the ground at the top of the hill the wagon had to come up to the horses. I afterward formed a company for lifting safes to tenth-story windows. I could put in the money, and I put in the traces. We both got rich. The only loss I lost was in trying to sound the bottomless spring in Pennsylvania. We tied a weight to one end and dropped it in the spring. As the weight sank into the depths those traces spun out till at last they became so fine a thread that a butterfly dancing to fit against one end and I caught short cut."

"Everybody cried 'Cheestnut!' at the conclusion of this story. When the uproar subsided Al Prince began:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have had no thrilling experiences such as yours. But I tested some gunpowder once that proved rather remarkable. I am something of a sportsman, as you know, and I put in the powder with some gunpowder. On this occasion I put in a fair charge of powder and plenty of shot, and blazed away at a white target about 100 feet away. When the smoke cleared I didn't see a mark on the target. This seemed inconceivable, for I flatter myself that I can hit a through target. I walked over and looked at it. I tested and thought about it. It wasn't possible I could have missed so completely. Just then there was a little humming in the air and a rattling on the target. I looked down at it and found it covered all over with shot. This was strange. It puzzled me. I pushed me. 'At the truth about it, I searched my head and remarked to myself:

"Great Scott, that's slow powder!"

The bartender gazed blankly at the crowd from a corner. The tavern cat mewed

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